

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

NO. 15.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

History of Pocahontas.

Chas. A. N. Campbell,
Marion, L. M. MacIntosh,
J. C. Arbaugh,
R. K. Burns,
S. L. Brown,
J. H. Patterson,
C. O. Arbaugh,
(C. E. Davis),
(G. M. Kne),
(Amos Barlow),
(Geo. Barker),
(Geo. P. Moore),
(J. L. Osterwood), (Hill),
Edgar, W. H. Green,
Jas. B. Taylor, (Dumore),
Anthony—Thos. Druffy.

COURTS.

at Pocahontas on the first
of the month, Tuesday in June
and in October.
at Marlinton on the 1st
of January, March, October
and Tuesday in July in

RE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

PLINTON.

Attorney-at-Law.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

CKER.

ew & Notary Public.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

BUCKLE.

Marion-at-Law.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

BRATTON.

FORNEY-AT-LAW.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

PRICE.

Marion-at-Law.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

CAMPBELL.

IDENTITY.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

WYBOUT.

SHERRY DENTIST.

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

CONNINGHAM, M. D.

CLIAS & SURGEON.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

BARNETT, M. D.

and at

Marlinton, W. Va.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

S. SWECKER.

and Real Estate Agent.

in the Courts of Pocahontas
County, and in the
Appeals of the State of

F. GIESEY.

and Superintendent.

Marlinton, W. Va.

Vote for Alderson!

First as the representative of all that is fair and just to the people as a whole, and all that is opposed to the special legislation that has taken the center of wealth and government far away from us, and given us, the people at large, the burden of contributing by this little "drib" and that little "drib," until this rule of all give and no take, has made us country people desperate. We have kicked against the prickles, and some of us poor helpless farmers have had vain hopes that we might unite in some half-way measure and form a union in which we would be joined by those of the Republican party who are Republicans simply because Abraham Lincoln was a Republican, but they were all failures, and those farmers who have a grain of sense know that their hope is in the Democratic party, which has been right for seventy-five years and which promised a reform in 1892, which promise has been fulfilled. If you are a member of a trust, don't vote for Mr. Alderson, but if you are a consumer of those necessities, which are controlled by trusts, and which trusts alone control, with the exception of whiskey.

Secondly, vote for Mr. Alderson because he is opposed by a man who has nothing on earth to recommend him to the respectable voter. Pat Huling down because he encourages a corrupt ballot, the menace of our State; he is the man the Republicans say, who bought his nomination, and who had the honest men of that Charleston convention cried down. Mr. Huling can't make a speech. He has ridden along the country roads of Pocahontas county, with his head up like a war-horse, and had not a friendly word or thought for any of us while he paraded among us, swelled up with the remembrance of the fact that he was mayor of Charleston. Reject the imported speculator, from Pennsylvania, who finding himself in a Democratic state, masqueraded as a Democrat, until he found that he was not a peer of their leaders, and could never hope to be. Then he went into the other party where the competition is not so great, in West Virginia.

Thirdly, vote for Alderson because he is the best friend that ever man had. Those about him know that he can be trusted, because he has lived, man and boy, among us, and he has never been accused of anything whatever that partook of a "shady" nature. He has been a hard worker all his life, and in Washington will do anything on earth to oblige a constituent. In his private life he is moral and upright, a loving father and a model husband, an honest man. There is no man about John Alderson. His campaigns have always been carried on in decency and order. Not wealthy, he can never have had recourse to the use of money, so dreaded by respectable politicians. And over and above all he has never resorted to that "barnet" that is dragged so much against us, their campaign all over the Union.

Vote for Alderson and go home with an easy conscience.

Impotent Impudence.

The conclusion drawn by the writer of the following clipping is aggravating enough to make a good Democrat "rob his own value." To say that the Wilson Bill favored the Whiskey and Sugar Trusts, is a strange twisting of the effect of a law that raised the tax on whiskey, and drove the sugar men out of the Democratic party. The *Philippi Republican* says:

Said Mr. Wilson in his speech here Wednesday, "I am against the Trusts." Then he winked the other eye at Wilson, and said under his breath, "Save my Toddy Sugar Trusts." Then Windy arose and winked the other eye, and said, "Though all the gates of hell should prevail against them."

Also:

The workmen of this country will play football with Democratic Majorities on November 6.

Those same workmen will be a worse deluded and damaged set of ignoramuses than even those who play the dangerous game of football.

In ancient times nothing better could be said of any region than to speak of it as a land flowing with milk and honey.

We read of a people who regarded themselves as specially favored of Heaven because their tribes were put in possession of a land that was pre-eminent for its vines, milk, and honey. A short time since, it was the writers pleasure to visit a section of our great county that forcibly reminded him of a description he had read somewhere in the *Book of Books*, of a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, and productive of the best fruits and grains.

It would be hard to find a vast expanse of land anywhere that has more things to remind a person of the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. A real estate agent could not circulate a better advertisement than selections from this beautiful chapter, were he to boom Elk, Big Spring, Clover Lick, and their unoccupied contiguous regions, of which so little seems to be known as yet. A land so set upon the hills cannot be hid much longer.

The contrast between the appearance of the country between Marlinton and the Big Spring thirty years ago and the present, impresses one like a revelation as to the possibilities in store for that section of our country.

The Huttonville and Martins Bottom Turnpike made it accessible partly from the Parkersburg Road, and partly from Millboro and Romeoville. Such means of communication were a marked improvement on the times of sleds and pack saddles. Covered wagons and spanking teams of two, four, or six horses brought in the best to be had in exchange for the best of "mug" luscious butter, peerless honey, and choicest venison. Then, too, the live stock could be moved so much more conveniently.

In the midst of all this progress, however, the war came on, and military camps lighted up the land with their fires, and the scene was one of destruction, disease, violence, and death. Since the war the people have worked hard in building homes, opening the land, and many pleasant homes are found, showing what may be accomplished by continued industry.

Now should the railroad facilities, so anxiously looked for, be realized, and the shrewd owners move on to their lands, the future has greater promise still.

Football.

The game of football introduced by the Englishmen last year has spread over four counties, and fascinated the able-bodied boys of that district. The game is explained by a journal, an authority on amateur sport, as follows, in response to a request from Mr. Norman Price of the *Times*:

Association football while it is totally different from Rugby Union, and quite different from American Intercollegiate football, yet has many points that are common to at least one of the other two games. For example, there are eleven men on a side. These eleven players are divided into forwards, half-backs, full-backs, and a goal-keeper. The five forwards, consisting of the right and left wing, with a centre forward, fill practically the same place as our seven rushers. Back of these stand the three half-backs—the centre, and the right and left half-back. Back of these again stand the two full-backs, and immediately in front of the goal-post is the goal-keeper.

By referring to the accompanying diagram, the positions of the members of the teams can be easily seen, and to any one who understands American football the method of playing this game is evident. The duty of the five forwards are to follow the ball continually, the two members of each wing having it as their particular duty to dribble the ball (always with the foot, of course) down the field, while the centre tends to form a connecting link between the two wings. The forwards, therefore, must be good runners, and must be able to kick the ball.

The three half-backs are supposed to return kicks that either go through or over the forwards. They are primarily required, therefore, to be good kickers and fast runners. The full-backs must have somewhat the same qualities, though their steadiness, coolness, and power to send the ball long distances must be even more prominent than in the case of the half-backs. The full-back whose duty it is to protect the goal, and who, unlike any other member of the team, may take the ball in his hands and throw it, besides kicking and bunting it, must be the surest man on the team—should be, perhaps, the longest kicker, and ought to be heavy at the same time that he is agile.



The field itself should be from one hundred to two hundred yards in length, though one hundred and fifty is quite large enough. It should be in proportion to the length that is from fifty to one hundred yards. The goal and line are marked out with blue or red in the case of American football, but at each corner there is a flag or pole several feet high so that it can be seen clearly from all parts

of the field. The goal-posts are set up as in intercollegiate football—on the goal-lines—except that they are twenty-four feet apart, and a line is stretched across from one to the other ten feet above the ground. The object of the game is, of course, to force the ball under the line and between the posts, thus scoring a touch-down.

Lead Boring Insect.

Some weeks ago a "hunting member," of Marlinton, extracted a cartridge from his Winchester rifle and found that the ball had been eaten away by a sort of grub which he found in the barrel of the gun. His impression was that the insect had smelled the lead and had gone down the barrel for a savory meal, but the more reasonable view is that the unfortunate insect had fallen into the gun barrel, as it leaned against the wall, and being in very much the same condition that a man would be who was incarcerated in a five-hundred-foot well, and had started to bore out on the other side.

The specimen was sent to Mr. Frank Johnson, of Brooklyn, an entomologist, who gives the comprehensive description of the insect below.

The larva belongs to the family Dermestidae and probably to the genus *Dermestes*. The beetles of this family feed upon skins, leather, woolen goods, and carpets, and dried insects.

Among the familiar species of *Dermestidae* is the carpet beetle or "flea beetle," (*Anthrenus scapularis*), which is too familiar to need description. The larva is a larva of species of *Anthrenus* are especially fond of dried insects, and are dreaded by all collectors. They conceal themselves so skillfully within the bodies of the insects which they are destroying, that the infested specimens can only be distinguished by the little heaps of dust, composed of excrementary and waste matter, which appear on the white paper below.

I give a rough sketch of *dermestes lardarius*, the bacon beetle. The beetle is black with a band of grey hair on the base of the wing covers. Its larva lives on skins, leather and bacon. As you may see from the figure, its larva resembles the one under consideration, but of course it is just as likely to be that of another species of *Dermestes*. The beetles of other species of *Dermestes* are black with grey hairs arranged in varying patterns. Their larva infest furs, skins, and, in the case of several species, the skins of dead animals.

The only other instance I know of where insects have penetrated lead is the following: A French naturalist imprisoned some beetles in lead boxes, and, on examining the boxes at a later time, found that the beetles had penetrated the lead.

The present instance would seem even more remarkable.

As she was the prettiest girl anywhere the other side of the Swiss Cottage, and had a manner quite irresistible, they gave her the best stall at the Church Bazaar for obvious reasons. And there strayed in a middle-aged backster of immaculate cut, upon whom she immediately poured with—of all things in the world—a pair of baby's wooden boots!

"Which boot," she exclaimed, "I'm a bit backer!"

"Now, don't give me any of your funny answers, because—"

He grabbed the wooden boots, wildly thrust a sovereign into the woman's paw, and fled into the fresh air. "By god!" said he, "if you know me, I know that's a respectable girl, however her people be poor, now who the devil dared to sell her Great Boots, once and have a brandy-Sporting Town, (London.)"

ONLINE

